

Vinnie Paz - Cold, Dark, And Empty Lyrics

[Verse 1: Smoke]

[Hook: Smoke]

Godson, large guns, hard drums
Prolems, plastic livers and hard lungs
Far from, a colorful artist
Untroubled regardless, humble and cautious, zoology starts
Game of Throne, we upend the farthest
Check out my horos[cope], I'm the lion in the jungle
Rob you niggas on the ave, you buy a hundred bundles
You don't understand struggle? I'll rob you for your gun tool
I'm barkin on police, monster on the beats
Got a chopper in the car? Gotta chopper in the streets
Make it hard for you to breathe, Parkinson's disease
And part of my beliefs don't make it hard for me to squeeze
I'm starting to agree; niggas don't love us
Niggas don't want us, niggas don't trust us - niggas can't touch us!
My life that's on paper? That's the shit that I publish
Stab your sister in private, your brother in public, nigga

[Hook]

You can't kill me I'm dead already, his head is petty
My metal heavy, G-O-D of the Serengeti
Crazy Eddie machetes, I keep 'em in a Chevy
My metal heavy, G-O-D of the Serengeti

[Verse 2: FT]

Just a young boy doing broke man shit
Running through the hood with a big four fifth
Spit on your poster, clique full of vultures
One shot, bet I'll leave your liver on your shoulders
I'll make your heart stop beating, your wife start cheating
She speaking with a mouthful of semen
We angels, y'all demons
If you think that you can fuck with the gods you're dreaming
Cause my flow is like hell when you battle me
You bout to step into the realms of reality
Let's get it poppin' motherfucker
For playing with pimping now y'all paying expenses
Like doctor bills, you're not for real
I cock the steel over pot and pills, even cops get killed
On the block with a Glock before I got the deal
I don't care, somewhere there's a slot to fill, nigga

[Hook]

[Vinnie Paz]

The Dim Mak teacher, the Book of Enoch reader
The five deadly venom chest beater, the chess teacher
The guest speaker, the Miami flesh eater
I'm the physical of severely compressed ether
Carry wisdom of a severely distressed Gita
The act of cowardice you display is your best feature
Chastiser of the enemy, Death's reaper
Logic dictate experience the best teacher
I gave him two choices he didn't deserve either
Confession doesn't work to a deeply disturbed preacher
Everything is painted with blood from a snub heater
Father please instruct me on how to perform pitra
Smoked in every country a lot of the bomb reefer
Poked in every country a lot of the don divas
I was resurrected by tropical storm Jesus
I was then selected to slaughter deformed fetus

[Hook]